

The Historie

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his truant youth with such a grace;
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world;
If he outline the enue of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
So much misconstured in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
Better consider what you haue to do,
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I can not read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we lue, we lue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,
And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

of Henry the

For heauen to earth, some of vs ne
A second time doe such a courtetie
*Here they embrace, the trumpets
power, alarme to the battell, th
ter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in
What honour dost thou seeke vpo

Doug. Know then, my name is I
And I doe haunt thee in the battel
Because some tell me that thou art

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford de
Thy likenesse, for instead of thee
This sword hath ended him, so sh
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my pri

Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder
And thou shalt find a king that wil
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fou
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

Doug. Als done, als won: here

Hot. Where?

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know
A gallant knight he was, his name
Semblyably furnisht like the king

Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy lo
A borrowed title hast thou bought
Why didst thou tel me, that thou

Hot. The king hath many mar

Doug. Now by my sword, I will
He murther all his wardrobe, piece
Vntill I meete the king

Our souldiers stand full fairely for

Alarme, Enter Falst

Fal. Though I could scape shot
shot here, here's no scoring but vpo
sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for

For

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